

is, not so much for large crowds to go the foreign field, as that more of God's children are wanted to enter into a *more complete sympathy with the heart of Jesus.*" It will no doubt do us all good to enter into a deeper sympathy with Christ.

He said, "Our own church of 250 members have the *blessed privilege* of supporting five missionaries in South Africa."

Do you notice *how* he said it? They HAVE THE PRIVILEGE of supporting five missionaries. From this I believe we are safe in assuming that their district evangelists are paid and supported loyally and also that their Publishing House is well supported and when in need of funds has scarcely any trouble in securing them—and further, if they had a College that they would be loyal in their support to it with both students and money. Brother, Sister, and friend is there a lesson for you in this example of way off, heathen South Africa? If so, you are quite welcome to it, profit by it.

Another missionary, a lady from China spoke next and said many many rich things. The great theme of her remarks was "To successfully and faithfully work for God, we must have the *fulfillment* of the Holy Spirit—Come to an end of one's self as it were. She said missionary work is *intensely real* and *solemn* in these days. Three of her intimate lady friends with their children have been massacred, since she left China, by the Boxers.

In the evening, Dr. Pierson of New York and Webb Peplow of London spoke. Among other good things Dr. Pierson said is, "The measure of our faith is our possibility to enjoy a complete deliverance." We were sorry to leave but this was the last half day of the Convention.

Maryport, England, July 29, 1900.

Home Circle

Temperance

There are to be found in various places in our country large communities where they have no paupers and no crimes. It is not necessary to say that those are the places where dramshops are unknown. A few years ago there was a country in Minnesota, containing several thousand inhabitants, where they had been so successful in banishing rum that for several years they had built no jail and no courthouse, and for years had not had a session of court in the county.—G. F. Wright.

Here is a wise Greek proverb: "The wine press is the fountain of insanity." It is the fountain, also, of all sorts of crime. There are just as many policeman in London as there are grogshops—fourteen thousand of each. If there came next year an increase of five thousand grogshops, there would have to be five thousand additional policemen employed. But suppose there was an increase, instead, of five thousand bakeries or groceries or dry goods shops; not a single additional policeman need be employed in

consequence, except to protect them from burglars and sneak thieves who steal money to spend in grogshops.

Will you not give up a poor tickling of the palate, an unwholesome tingling of the brain to rescue your nation from a blighting degeneration? Not long ago there was an explosion in a colliery, by which four hundred miners were suddenly hurled amid shattered ruins into horrible death. It was caused by a single miner who had opened his safety lamp to light his pipe. To that pipe were sacrificed four hundred precious lives of fathers, husbands and sons. The social atmosphere around us is full of the explosive fire damp of intemperance. Total abstinence is our safety lamp.—Farar.

The Children Who Were Blessed

I wonder if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old
Forgot he had made them his treasures,
The dear little lambs of his fold.
I wonder if, angry and willful,
They wandered and went far astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening,
Soft smoothing the silk tangled hair,
And low leaning down to the murmur
Of sweet childish voices in prayer,
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,
If haply again they might hear
The words of the gentle Redeemer,
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song;
To the day of gray hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were given
Were laid on their heads when Christ uttered,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, lads and lasses,
Who spell it in God's word to-day;
You, too, may be sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey;
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in heaven
If one, only one, shall go wrong—
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,
Shut out from the feast and the song.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Fatima—the Moorish Maiden

Presbyterian Review.

"I must speak to the foreign woman, quick. In the name of the prophets, bring her to me."

The English missionary's wife came out from the hospital ward, and found in the waiting room a Moorish woman, enveloped in folds of white garments, the veil being a fine gauze of silk and wool, deftly fitting the top of the head like a fez, and drawn across the mouth and nose.

"My little daughter is dying; come and make her well."

The missionary's heart was touched. She thought of these words spoken to her Master, and his response to them. "Can you not bring her here?" she asked.

"Ah, no! She would die in the sun. Come I have no money, but you shall have my jewels; only be quick."

I cannot promise to cure her," said the

missionary, "but I will do my best; and I do not want your jewels."

They hurried thru the narrow, crooked streets of Tangier, jostled by donkeys, by water-carriers, by beggars, by richly-dressed Turkish gentleman, by long-haired fakirs, by soldiers with long guns. The filth of these narrow streets was indescribable, tho the white walls and roofs of Tangier made it look, at a little distance, like a pure snow-drift.

"It is so with these poor lives," thought the missionary, as she sped along with her silent companion; "travelers come to Morocco and write charming essays on 'the barbarous Moor,'; but they say nothing of his ignorance, his tyranny, his suffering."

It was a long walk. They had almost reached the dilapidated wall of the city, when the woman turned down a narrow alley, running along the wall of a small one-story house, built of white-washed tappa, and entered a square, unclean court, crossing over to a still more unclean room, where a sick child lay.

Poor little Fatima! She was in a raging fever, wildly delirious, with parched lips and fetid breath.

"What have you done for her?"

The medicine-man gave me drugs, but they did no good; so he bored a hole in her left foot to let the fever out."

The missionary groaned as she looked at the poor little brown foot, swollen and inflamed. "Was that all?"

"No; when the fever would not go out at the hole he had made, he said I must scare it away; so last night when she was asleep he made me run up to her shouting, 'Fatima, there is a snake in your bed!' She jumped out on the floor to run away, but fell against the door and broke her arm."

Here the poor mother burst into tears, and the lady from the hospital wept with her.

It seemed that she must die; but in the cool of the twilight she was gently moved to the hospital, built by Christian hands as a witness to the love of God in Jesus Christ. There with soothing drinks, with cool baths, and tender care, little Fatima came back to life, and to a belief in the heavenly Father and in Jesus Christ His Son.

She has learned to read in the missionary schools, and her favorite page is the story of the little maid of Galilee whom Jesus raised from the dead.

"Teacher," she says, "perhaps Jesus came with you that day to my bedside, tho we could not see him?"

"I am sure He was there," answered the missionary, "and tho we could not hear Him, He was saying, 'Little maid, arise.'"

Don't

M. C. Peters.

Don't cast people off even when they go wrong. Don't talk them down. Quit your gossiping about people's mistakes. The man who never made a mistake is a myth. Mingle gentleness in all your rebukes. Make allowances for constitutional frailties. Never say harsh things where kind words will do